● 53

[For additional information on the songs and musical texts of the Georgia Sea Islands, see Categories 533 and 539.]

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

A Sermon

793
538

For true, the Lord ben give em silver trumpet,
and he shonuf know how for blow em!

The Reverend Renty Pinckney is minister of New Jerusalem AME Church on Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina. His sermon is not presented in its entirety here, because it is very long. The Reverend Mr. Pinckney, like most island ministers, has memorized the Bible thoroughly; his creativity is revealed by his ability to join scattered allusions into a cohesive whole.[23]

• 53
796

The Bread of Life

Rev. Renty Pinckney
New Jerusalem AME Church
Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina
July 1980

God is the Bread of Life
God will feed you when you get hungry *Oh yes! I know he will.*
All right! Yeah. Amen! Yes sir!

Look on the mountain
Beside the hill of Galilee *My Lord!*

Watch his disciple
Riding on the sea *Yeah! Uh huh!*

Tossing by the wind and rain *Yeah. Come up*

Going over the sea of temptation *Uh hum*

Brother, I don't know
But I begin to think
In this Christian life *Yes!*

Sometime you gone be toss *Yes, yeah!*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

53
796

By the wind of life *Yes, my Lord!*
The wind gonna blow you
From one side to the other *Yes!*

On this Christian journey

The way ain't gone be easy on us children *No!*

And the disciple as they was going across *Oh yes sir! Yeah.*

The wind was tossing
As they was going over to Cana *All right! Uh hum*

The King was on the safe [same] side
To the Sea of Galilee *All right*

To the land Gothen
It was so sufficient size
To be call a city *Yeah, right! Yeah*
It was close to the seashore *Shore. Yes*

One half mile long
Quarter of a mile wide *Yes sir!*

Brother, I know
Jesus would be so glad *So pleased!*

There he was among them
Brothren of our Lord
And his disciple *Yes! Yes sir. Oh yes*

The Gospel!
Of John was formed in writing *Writing*

Jesus was towhead *All right*

They begin to wonder brother *Yeah!*
How is this could be *Yeah!*
We left him on the other shore *Yeah*
But this morning we are here *Yes, here. My Lord!*

Jesus don't have a boat *Boat.*

Don't have a airplane *Ah hah! Yeah!*

Here he are on the bank this morning *Yes sir*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

• 53
796

Yea God! *Yeah God! Amen!*

What a fortune
All the power in he hand *Oh Yeah!*
Got power for we *Yeah*
When we get hungry *Yeah*
He's able to feed us *Yes sir*

O Lordy!
Come to tell you children *Yes!*
Jesus! is the Bread of Life *Jesus!*

My brothren *My God!*
Come to him *All right!*
Come to him *Yeah!*
He feed you when you get hungry *All right. Oh yeah!*

He will be on the ark *Yeah!*

Yea God! *My God*

Upon the montain someone said
Jesus said *Yeah!*

If you come to me
I'll give you water *Water*

In dry land *Dry land!*

O Lordy!
Jesus is the Bread of Life *Yes!*

How do you know *Uh huh!*

He's the Bread of Life? *Yeah!*

When he begins to speak *Yeah!*

He's the Bread of Life, brothren *Yeah!*

O Lordy!
I begin to think back *Yeah!*

In Moses time
when he said *Yeah!*

God feed them *Oh yeah!*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

• 53
796

With manna from on heaven
My brother! *All right, yeah!*

I was out in the wilderness
Didn't had nothing to eat *Uh huh*

God feed them *My Lord!*

With manna from on high *Yes!*

To stop a little while

(Pause)

I be able to preach for you *Yeah! All right*

If you feed me with that bread *Yeah! All right*

I be able to call him *Yeah*

If you feed me with that bread *Yes*

O Lordy! *Oh Lord!*

I be able to book up *Yeah! All right*

Pick up my brother *Yes!*

Who is down in the ditch this morning *Oh yeah!*

If you feed me this morning *Yes! Lord*

I be able to call *Yeah Lord*

The lost sinner home *Yeah!*

O Lordy!
Jesus!
Is the Bread of Life *Yeah*

God knows
Somebody look *Yes*

Back in space of time *Yes!*

Saw Jesus
Coming through
Seventy-two generations *Yes. Uh huh*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

• 53
796

One said
When he look at Jesus *Oh yes!*

Yea God! *Yea God!*

His feet *All right*

Look like polish brass *Yeah!*

Eye look
Like a consuming fire *Consuming fire*

Hair look
Like lamb wool *Lamb wool*

Pressing the wine press *Yeah!*

All by himself *By himself*

Coming down to the gate *Yeah!*

To let you and I
Have a right *Right*

To the Tree of Life
O Lordy! *Oh Lordy!*

Jesus is alive *All right!*

My brothers *Yes!*

When I get hungry *Ah yeah!*

My soul get hungry
I go to Him *Yeah. All right!*

And say unto Him *Yeah. That's right!*

God I want you
Feed me with the Bread of Life *Yes!*

Feed me *Feed me!*

Til I want no more *Want no more!*

Then at last *At last!*

In this old world *Yes! This old world. Thank you! At last. Yes sir. Step right on up. All right*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

• 53
796

(Long pause)

Brother, I don't know about you, friend *Yes*

But I begin to sing *Yeah!*

Deep down in my heart *All right! Sir!*

But Jesus is the Bread of Life *Uh huh! All right*

Great God! *Yes!*

Some how *Some how. Yeah!*

Some way *Some way!*

That same Jesus *That same Jesus!*

One day *Yes!*

I Look down *Yes sir! Yeah!*

Into the old pit *All right!*

A little wretch
Like me was
My brother *Yeah!*

Stoop down *Stoop down!*

And lift me up *Lift me up!*

Take my feet
Out of the mucky mire *Yeah!*

Climb up on
Rock of eternal ages
Establish my goings *Yeah! Yeah!*

Say unto me *Amen!*

I want you *All right!*

To go out into the world *Yeah!*

Tell man and women *Yeah!*

I said
I was dead
But I'm alive, brothren *I'm alive!*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

53
796

Tell them I said *Yeah. All right!*
When they get hungry *Yeah!*
If they would come to me *Yeah!*
I would feed them *I will feed them. Yes!*
Tell them I said *Yes*
When they get lonely
Don't have a friend *A friend*
I will be a friend for them *Yeah*
Tell them I said *Yeah*
When all bodies *Yeah*
Walk off from them
And put he name on every milepost *Oh Lord!*
I'll be right there with them *Yeah!*
Tell them I said *Yeah! Yeah!*
When mother, father
Forsake you *Oh yeah*
I be by your side *By your side*
O Lordy!
And when you come *Come, Jesus!*
To the end of your journey *Yeah!*
And you are weary *Weary!*
Of life my brother *Yeah!*
Old battle is won *Won!*
I'll be right there *Be right there!*
When the time come
My God almighty! *My Lord*
Gonna call the Angel *Yeah!*
Take care *Oh yeah!*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

#53
796

I want you to
Stand around *Oh yeah!*

The throne this morning *Oh yes*

Want you to sing *Yeah!*

As you ever sing before
Somebody who will come out *Yeah!*

From Jerusalem *Yeah!*

Crying out
I know *All right!*

Back yonder *Yonder*

In yonder world *Yonder world*
I cry some Sunday

A charge *Jesus! A charge I have! Right*

To glorify *Glorify!*
My brother *My brother!*

I don't know
But I look across
In the amen corner *Corner*

See somebody *Yeah!*

Who cry out
One day *Yeah!*

I saw the lighthouse *Yeah! Oh yeah*

O Lordy! *My Lord*

I wanna be there! *Oh yeah!*

I wanna be there! *Oh yeah! Oh yeah!*

I wanna be there! *Oh yes! I wanna be there!*

Over yonder

(Long pause)

I wanna view the beauty land
Where God eternal glory *Eternal glory!*

2: Jones-Jackson L-5 (1973-1986) 1987
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

•53 Where all wicked *Wicked*
796 Shall cease *Cease, cease! Yes Lord!*

All weary soul *All weary soul!*

Shall be at rest *Rest!*

Jesus said
I am the Bread *I am the Bread. The Bread. I am the Bread*
Of Life

Let us Pray *All right! Yes sir! Yes Lord! Let us pray!*

. . . . . .

538 Gullah Tales Exemplifying Audience Participation

(524) RIDDLER: Round like a top. Deep like a cup.
Mississippi river ain't full em up!

RESPONDENT: A sifter (strainer)

The reply from the audience is as germane to the Sea Island tales as it is to the prayers and sermons. However, the relaxed social atmosphere in which tales are told permits more exchange between speaker and listener than does the more orthodox surroundings of the prayers and sermons. The storytellers are not set apart from the group by a sacred podium or some other feature used to separate participating service members from the rest of the group. The listeners are therefore free to inject words and phrases, utter clarifying remarks, make gestures, or even help the teller along with his tale if appropriate. These interactions are very subtle and in no way interfere with the performance of a good tale. Likewise, no good tale can be told without the responses of an active audience, and no good tale can be told without the traditional "warming" period to create the right atmosphere. Like the prayers and sermons, the tales are usually preceded—if there is an audience present to act as respondents—by songs, spiritual or otherwise, and then by games, riddles, jokes, and dozens. As previously mentioned, the friendly teasing relaxes the audience and serves the same purpose as the *akuko eji awake nti* in Igbo: it prepares the group

41 Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Rev. James Grant

GET ON YOUR HOLY HORSE

●53
796

Be careful, my friends, because sometimes the
Chairman of Hell begin to saddle up his pony.
He gonna override somebody.
You walk down the road
And somehow your feet begin to be tangled.
The road become rocky, hard to cross.

Hallelujah, my friends,
Put on your travelin' shoes.
Get on your holy horse
Because sin are now pressing hard,
Many dangers follow.

292
142
794
796
786

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

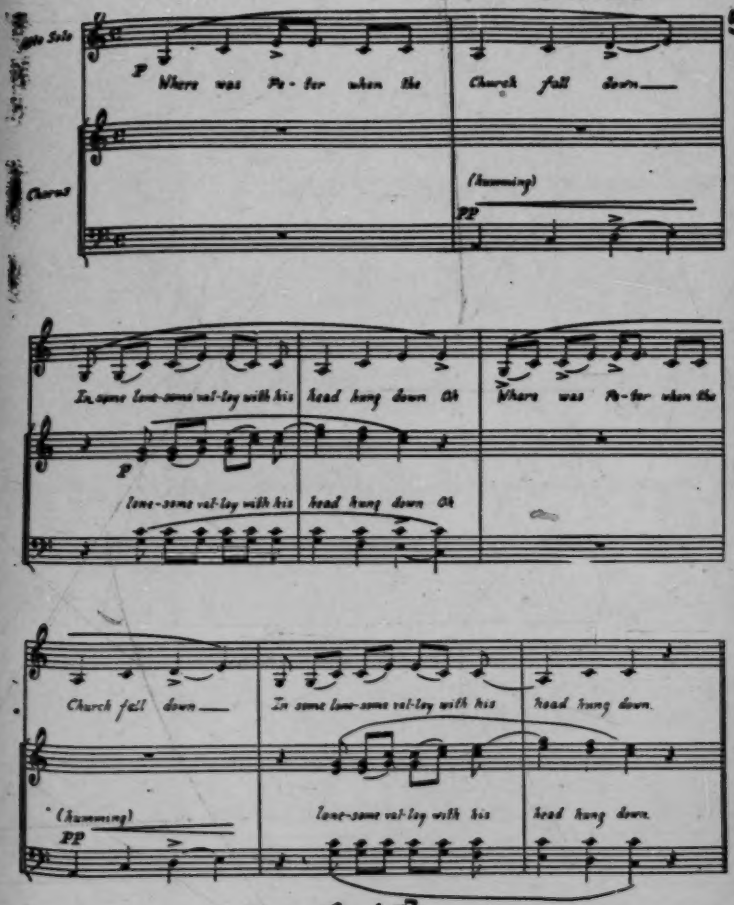
• 53

WHERE WAS PETER

Where was Peter when the church fall down
In some lonesome valley with his head hang down
Oh, where was Peter when the church fall down
In some lonesome valley with his head hang down.[4]

Jesus done lock de lion lion
done lock de lion lion
done lock de lion lion
de lion jaw.
(Repeat three times)

[4] Creighton Churchill adds the following note: "Perhaps the most interesting aspect of this song is its canonical form. In occidental music a canon is a piece in which one voice or part leads off with the theme, and is followed, at given intervals, by one or more harmonizing voices carrying the same melody or musical figure. This song, short and naïve as it is, is actually a canon between the solo voice and the chorus, with perfectly orthodox, foreshortened endings at the finish of each two-measure phrase."

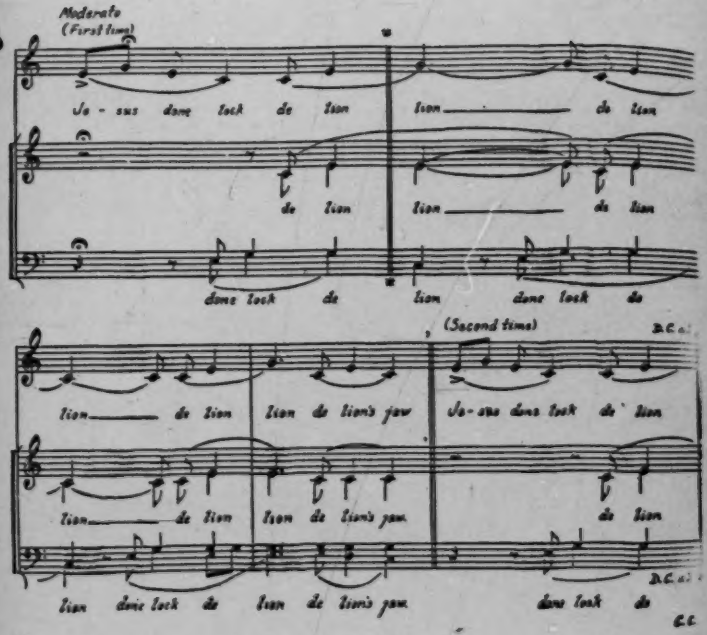
9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

53
Solo
Chorus
P
Where was Pe-ter when the Church fell down
(humming)
PP
In some lone-some val-ley with his head hung down Oh
Where was Pe-ter when the
lone-some val-ley with his head hung down Oh
Church fell down
In some lone-some val-ley with his head hung down.
(humming)
lone-some val-ley with his head hung down.

[p.65]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

NN23 Sea Islanders NN23

Georgia

St. Simon's Island

53
Moderato
(First time)
Jo - sus done look de lion lion de lion
de lion lion de lion
done look de lion done look de
(Second time)
D.C. al
lion de lion lion de lion's paw Jo - sus done look de lion
lion de lion lion de lion's paw de lion
lion done look de lion de lion's paw done look de
D.C. al
C.C.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

MOONLIGHT—STARLIGHT

In *Slave Songs of the United States*, the origin of a song similar to "Moonlight—Starlight" is attributed to St. Simon's Island by Colonel Trowbridge, who is quoted as saying "that it was sung at funerals in the night time—one of the most solemn and characteristic customs of the Negroes." Fanny Kemble, in her *Journal*, describes a "buryin' " that took place at the Butler Plantation in 1839:

> Yesterday evening the burial of the poor man, Shadrach, took place. I had been applied to for a sufficient quantity of cotton cloth to make a winding-sheet for him, and just as the twilight was thickening into darkness I went with Mr. — [Pierce Butler husband] to the cottage of one of the slaves . . . a cooper of the name of London who was to perform the burial service. The coffin was laid on trestles in front of the cooper's cottage, and a large assemblage of the people had gathered around, many of the men carrying pine-wood torches, the fitful glare of which glanced over the strange assembly. . . . Presently the whole congregation uplifted their voices in a hymn, the first high wailing notes of which—sung all in unison, in the midst of these unwonted surroundings—sent a thrill through all my nerves. When the chant ceased cooper London began a prayer, and all the people knelt down in the sand, as I did also. . . . When the prayer was concluded we all rose, and, the coffin being taken up, proceeded to the people's burial-ground, when London read aloud portions of the funeral service from the Prayer-book. . . . The service ended with a short address from London upon the subject of Lazarus, and the confirmation which the story of his resurrection afforded our hopes. . . . When the coffin was lowered the grave was found to be partially filled with water—naturally enough, for the whole island is a mere swamp, off which the Altamaha is only kept from sweeping by the high dikes all around it. This seemed to shock and distress the people, and for the first time during the whole ceremony there were sounds of crying and exclamations of grief heard among them . . . and so we returned from one of the most striking religious ceremonies at which I ever assisted.

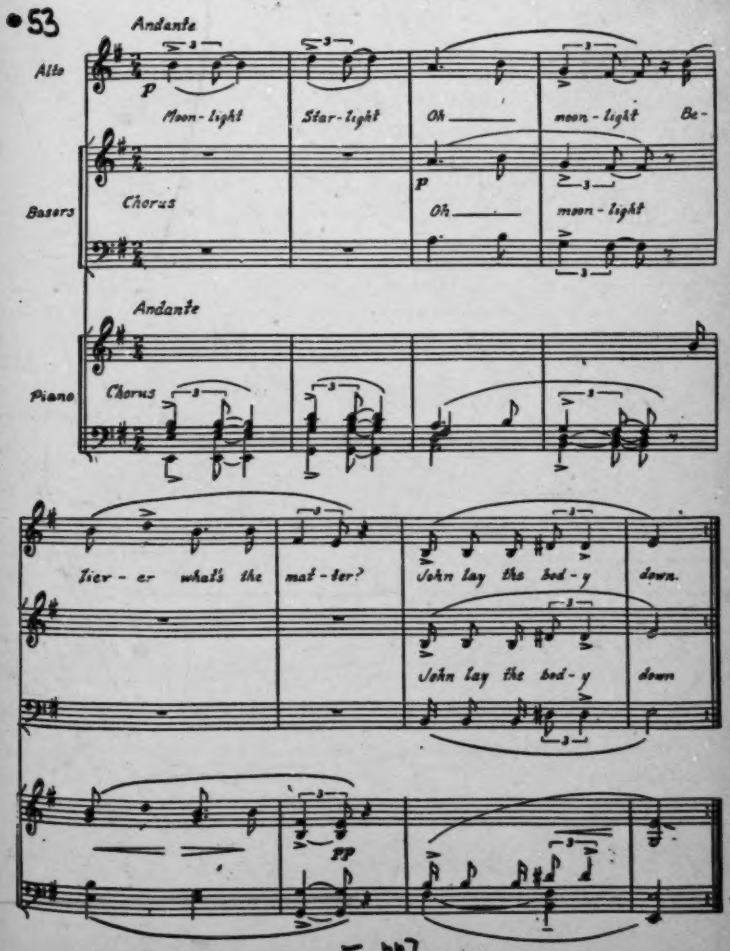
When Margaret, one of my star shouters, was buried a few years ago at Kelvin Grove, in the old slave yard on the marsh, I too was shocked to see the coffin lowered into the water, but in this instance such an occurrence was taken as a matter of course.

Of all the primitive songs this is the most plaintive as well as the most impressive:

Moonlight—Starlight
O-o-h [1] Moonlight
Believer what's the matter?
John lay the body down!
(Repeat)
John lay the body to the tomb
O-o-h—let me go!
John lay the body to the tomb
John lay the body down!
(Repeat)

[1] Sung with the lips closed. The accompanying piano arrangement is by Creighton Churchill.

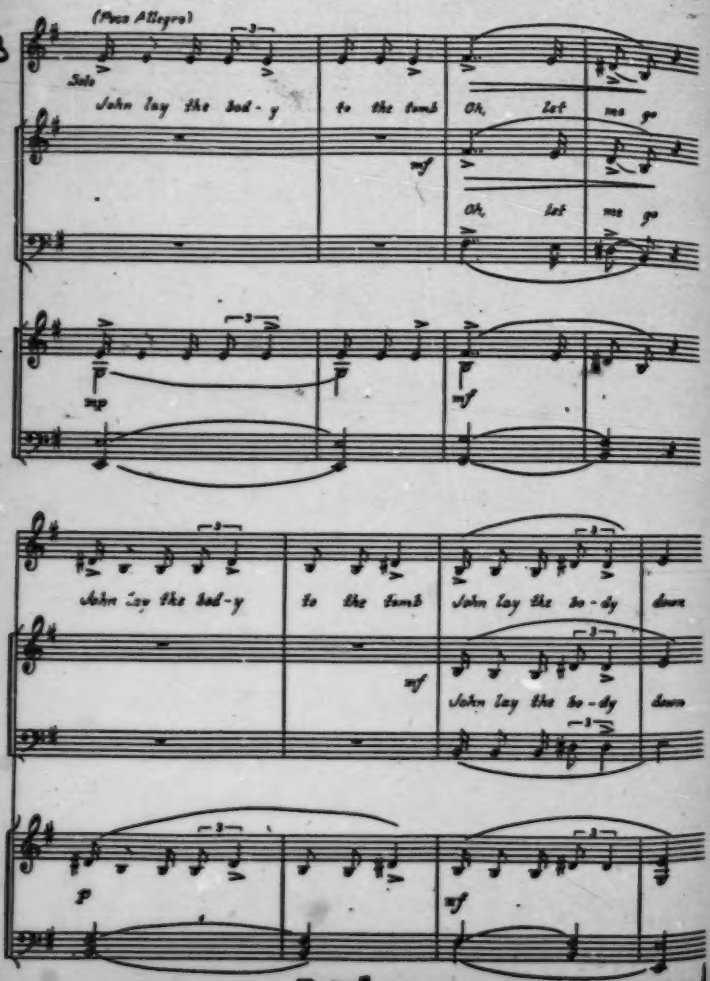
9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

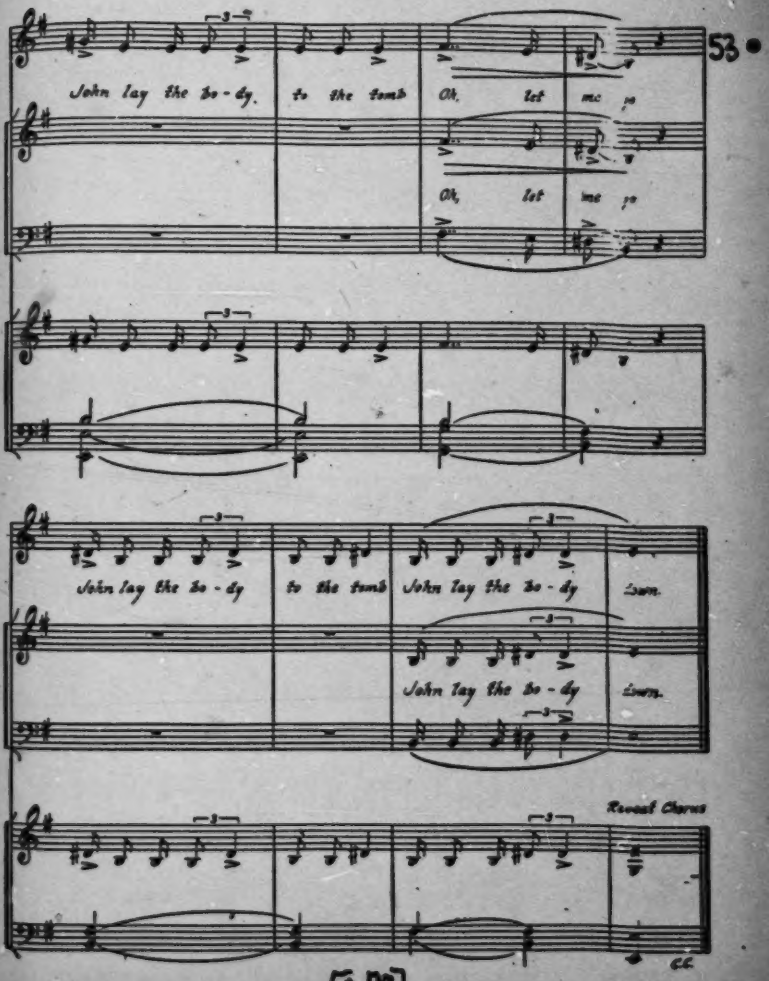
12. MOONLIGHT–STARLIGHT

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

NN23 Sea Islanders NN23

Georgia

St. Simon's Island



9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

[p.79]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

GO ROUN' THE BORDER SUSIE

•53
524

The action in this ring-play is directed by the verses. While the first verse is sung, the players join hands in a circle and swing to its rhythm. In the next verse "That turtle dove started," indicates that a girl has begun to move within the ring. "Out goes the hornet," is the signal for a boy to follow her. With "Hist the windah," the players lift their clasped hands. First the girl weaves in and out of the circle, between the uplifted arms. The boy follows suit. "Don't miss no windah," explains itself, and the last verse, "Close in d' 'semble," means to close the window when the boy and girl are both on the outside. The fun then begins, and the chorus may need to be sung several times while the hornet attempts to catch the turtle dove, who turns in one direction, and then in another, to avoid capture:

Chorus: Go roun' the border Susie
Go roun' the border Susie
Go roun' the border Susie
That long summer day.

Out goes the hornet, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, shoo that day
Out goes the hornet, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, long summer day.

That turtle dove started, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, shoo that day
That turtle dove started, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, that long summer day.

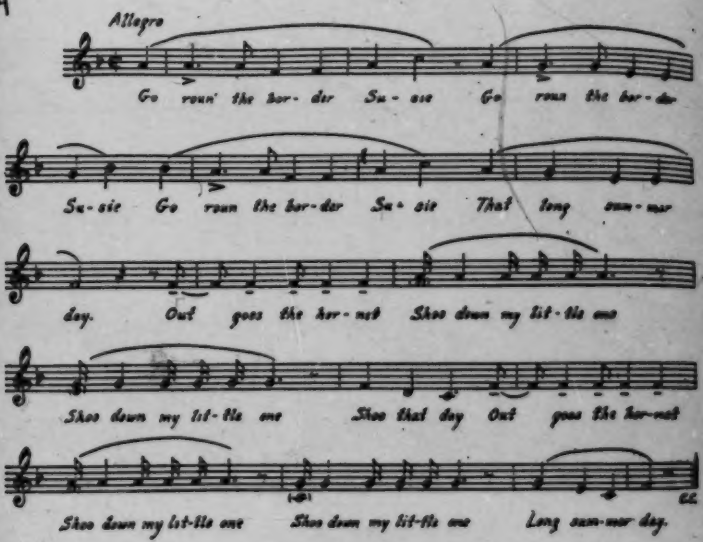
Hist the windah, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, shoo that day
Hist the windah, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, that long summer day.

Don't miss no windah, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, shoo that day
Don't miss no windah, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, that long summer day.

Close in d' 'semble, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, shoo that day
Close in d' 'semble, shoo down my little one
Shoo down my little one, that long summer day.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

53
524

17. GO ROUN' THE BORDER SUSIE

Allegro
Go roun' the bor-der Su-sie Go roun the bor-der
Su-sie Go roun the bor-der Su-sie That long sum-mer
day. Out goes the bar-net Shoo down my lit-tle one
Shoo down my lit-tle one Shoo that day Out goes the bar-net
Shoo down my lit-tle one Shoo down my lit-tle one Long sum-mer day.

Repeat Chorus: Go roun' the border Susie
Go roun' the border Susie
Go roun' the border Susie
That long summer day.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

THE BUZZARD LOPE—A SOLO DANCE

535 Since 1915 I have known that such a dance as the Buzzard Lope[6] could be found in the neighborhood of St. Simon's; but the Negroes of that section always told me it was done on some far-off island, such as St. Catherine's or Sapelo. Over ten years ago I asked the same question of a newcomer, as a matter of routine, which I had for years put to the other shouters: "Can you do the Buzzard Lope?" When she said: "Yes'm," I was a bit stunned . . . but she could, to perfection. To my surprise, however, I found that a number who had previously denied such a gift were close seconds. (Illustrations 23 and 26) A

• 53 This group used an old religious song with narrative lines of a suitable character. In ante-bellum days the slaves called the graveyard "the ole field":

THROW ME ANYWHERE

Throw me anywhere
In that ole field
Throw me anywhere, Lord
In that ole field
Throw me anywhere
In that ole field
Throw me anywhere, Lord
In that ole field
Members,[7] you want to die, Lord
In that ole field
Members, you want to die, Lord
In that ole field
Members, you want to die, Lord
In that ole field
Members, you want to die
In that ole field.

(191)

[6] Dances simulating the peculiar characteristics of animals are popular in Africa; and Mr. Herskovits tells me he has seen a similar dance in Dahomey.

[7] Deacons, preachers, brothers, sisters, and mother are all mentioned as wanting to die "In that old field."

A, [For Illustrations 23 & 26, see Categories 535 & 142, plates facing pp. 129 and 160 respectively--Analyst] —

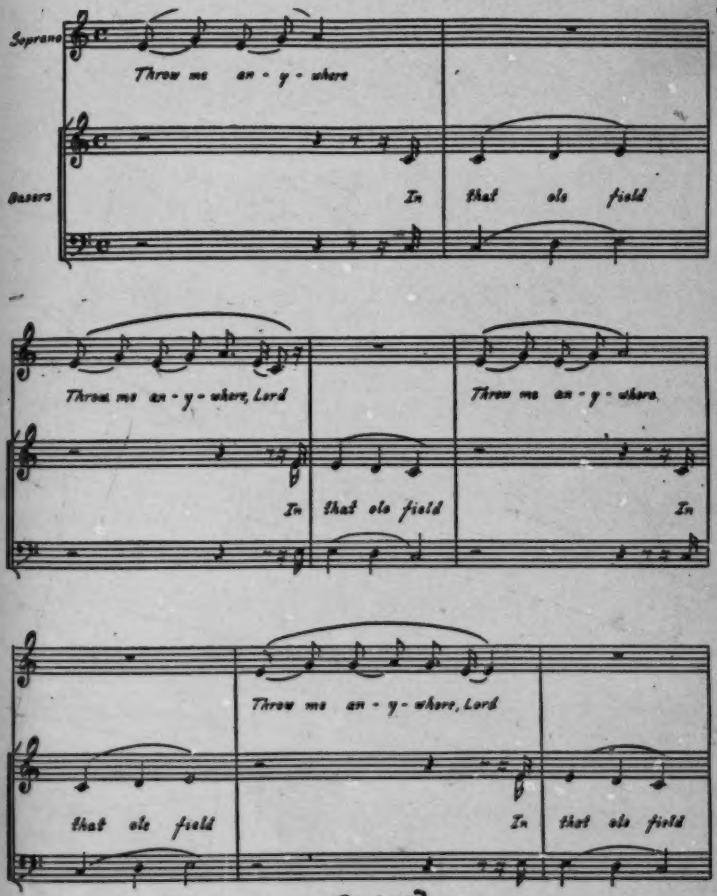
9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

NN23 Sea Islanders NN23

Georgia

St. Simon's Island

53•


Soprano
Basses
Throw me an - y - where
In that ole field
Throw me an - y - where, Lord
Throw me an - y - where
In that ole field
In
Throw me an - y - where, Lord
that ole field
In that ole field

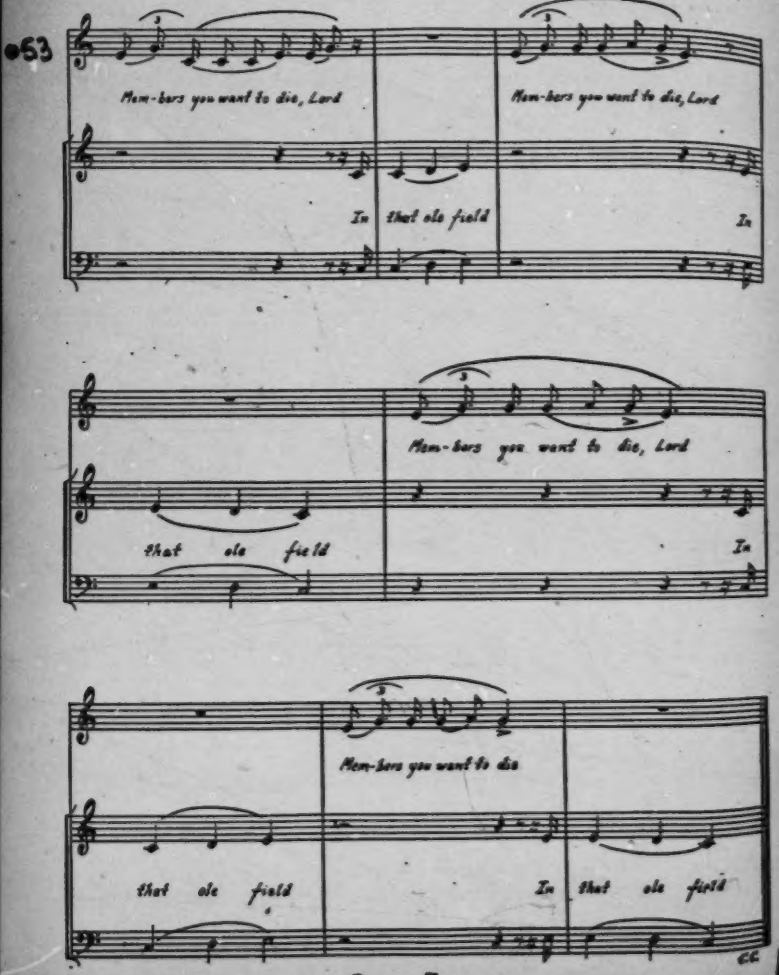
[p. 109]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

NN23 Sea Islanders NN23

Georgia

St. Simon's Island



[p. 110]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

BALL THE JACK

53 Several of our Negroes "Ball the Jack," as well as the African performer who did a similar serpentine wriggle at a wedding ceremony in the moving picture, "Sanders of the River." [14] Some day, if I ask enough questions, I may discover the original name of the dance—if it had one. Just why it should have been called by a railroad term I can't figure out, unless its African name had somewhat the same sound.

Susy's head and shoulders are stationary and so are her feet (Illustration 10), but there is a flow of undulating rhythm from chest to heels, with a few rotations in the hip region, done to this rhythmic patter:

Ole Aunt Dinah
Sick in bed
Send for the doctor
The doctor said
Get up Dinah
You ain' sick
All you need
Is a hickory stick
An' I ball the jack on the railroad track.

And so on ad infinitum; the words are of no particular moment, only sounds for carrying the rhythm. A box and a stick would do as well.

535 "Ball the Jack" was brought to St. Simon's about fifty years ago by an "up-country" Negro, and has been performed ever since—to the accompaniment of shrieks of contagious laughter—by the little Negroes in Jewtown. Two white children and their nurse happened along one day. The children's attention was at once riveted, by the severe words of the nurse, on what was being done: "You stop dat while I have my chillen aroun'."

In later years Martha, who weighed over two hundred pounds, went through the performance for me—although, as a neighbor of hers said, "Martha didn't have the figure for it." You could scarcely call it a dance, and I don't wonder "Aunt Lou" did not want her white children copying the contortions which suggest the neck of a chicken attempting to swallow something too big for comfort.

[14] "Snake Hip" is a far more appropriate nickname.

A. [For Illustration 10, see Category 342, plate facing p. 65.—Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

I JING-A-LING

53 Chorus:

I jing-a-ling—jing-a-ling-a-ling
I jing-a-ling—jing jing jing
I jing-a-ling—jing-a-ling-a-ling
I jing-a-ling—jing-a-la-ling

Who killed my dog—jing-a-ling-a-ling
Who killed my dog—jing-a-ling
I kill your cat—jing-a-ling
I kill your cat—jing-a-la-ling

(repeat chorus)

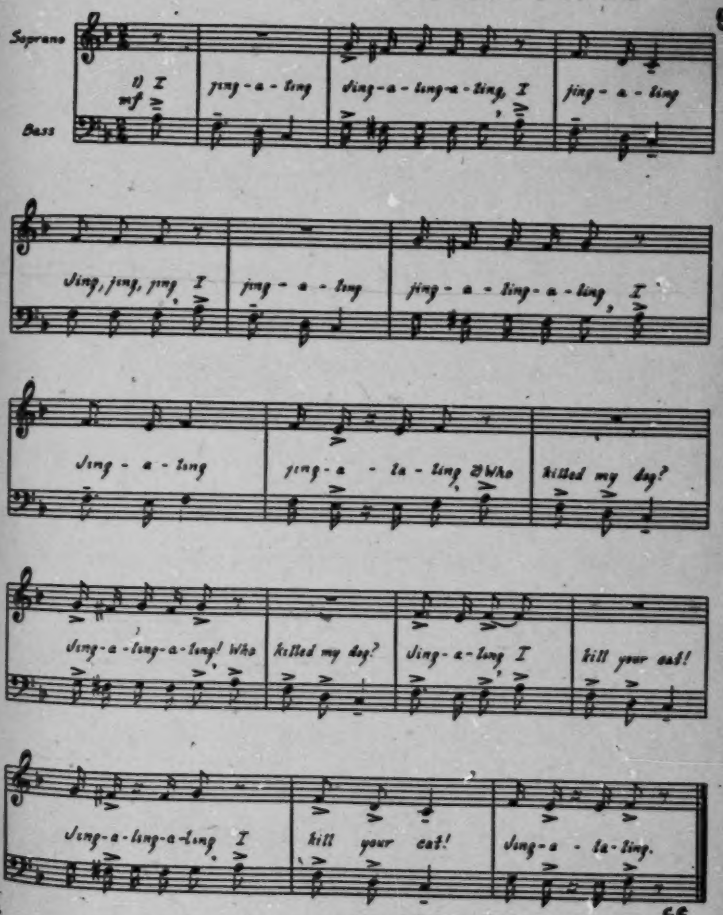
Whose hat is that—jing-a-ling-a-ling
Whose hat is that—jing-a-ling-a-ling

(repeat chorus)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

NN23 Sea Islanders NN23

Georgia

St. Simon's Island

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia
St. Simon's Island

• 53

THAT SUITS ME

Chorus: Come on Mauma, le's go roun' the wall
An' that suits me
Come on Mauma, le's go roun' the wall
An' that suits me
Come on Mauma, le's go roun' the wall
Don' wanna stumble an' Ah don' wanna fall
An' that suits me.

Well Isa'h lookt up an' 'e saw the chariot comin'
An' that suits me
Isa'h lookt up an' 'e saw the chariot comin'
An' that suits me
Isa'h lookt up an' 'e saw the chariot comin'
Step on the wheel an' the wheel keep a turnin'
An' that suits me.

Repeat Chorus:

O three more rounds up Jacob' ladder
An' that suits me
Three more rounds up Jacob' ladder
An' that suits me

Three more rounds up Jacob' ladder
Every roun' go higher an' higher
An' that suits me.

Repeat Chorus:

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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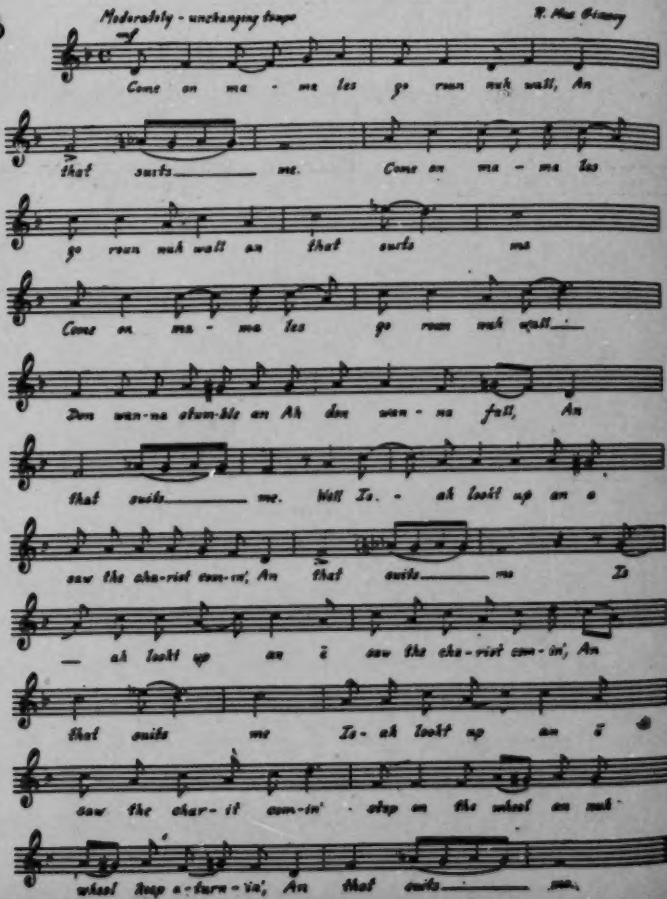
27. THAT SUITS ME

•53

Moderately - unchanging tempo
W. Mac Gimsey
mf
Come on ma - ma les go roun nuh wall, An
that suits me. Come on ma - ma les
go roun nuh wall an that suits ma
Come on ma - ma les go roun nuh wall
Dem wan-na stum-ble an Ah don wan - na fall, An
that suits me. Well Is. - ah look up an a
saw the cha-riot com-in', An that suits ma Is
ah look up an I saw the cha-riot com-in', An
that suits me Is - ah look up an I
saw the char- it com-in' stop on the wheel an nuh
wheel keep a-turn-in', An that suits me.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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WHEN I RISE CRYIN' HOLY

Oh my Lord, this is a needed time
Oh my Lord, this is a needed time
Oh my Lord, this is a needed time
In that mornin' when I rise cryin' Holy.

I'm so glad I got my religion in time
I'm so glad I got my religion in time
I'm so glad I got my religion in time
In that mornin' when I rise cryin' Holy.

O Jesus, you promise to answer prayer
O Jesus, you promise to answer prayer
O Jesus, you promise to answer prayer
In that mornin' when I rise cryin' Holy.

Ah'm so glad I got my ticket in my hand
Ah'm so glad I got my ticket in my hand
Ah'm so glad I got my ticket in my hand
In that mornin' when I rise cryin' Holy.

O poo' sinner won't you git down ona y'r knees
O poo' sinner won't you git down ona y'r knees
O poo' sinner won't you git down ona y'r knees
In that mornin' when I rise cryin' Holy.

[821] Julia Armstrong gives me this version of the same song. It was sung during thunder-storms, which were believed to express God's anger:

Oh sister, yo'r robe don't fit you like mine
Oh sister, yo'r robe don't fit you like mine
Oh sister, yo'r robe don't fit you like mine
In that mornin' when I rise cryin' Holy.

Oh Gabriel, blow yo'r trumpet loud
Oh Gabriel, blow yo'r trumpet loud
Oh Gabriel, blow yo'r trumpet loud
In that mornin' when I rise cryin' Holy.

Oh Jesus, don't come that angry way
Oh Jesus, don't come that angry way
Oh Jesus, don't come that angry way
In that mornin' when I rise cryin' Holy.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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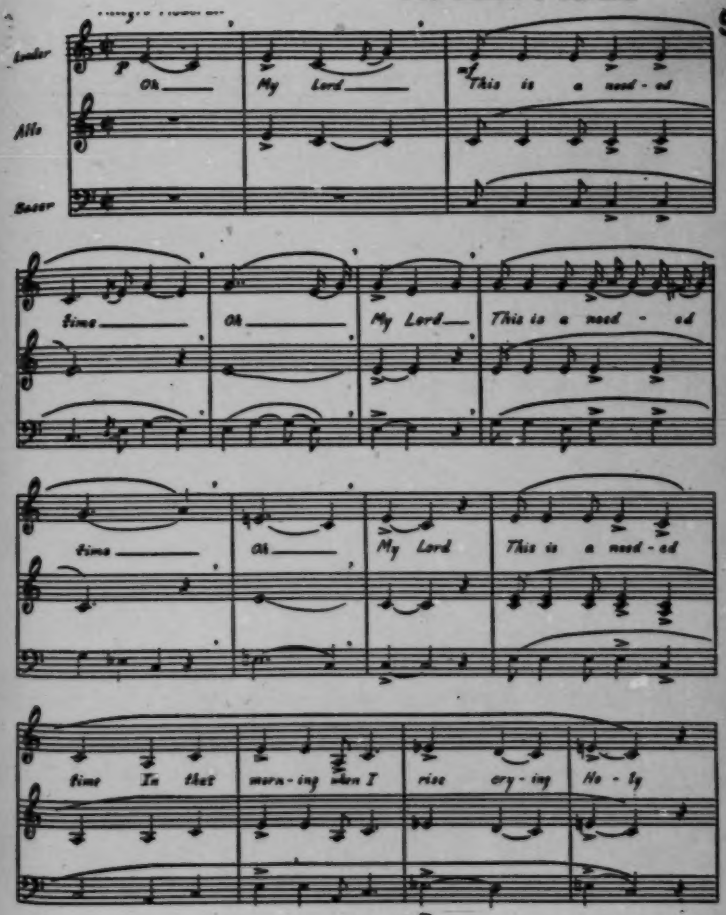
53
Leader
Alto
Bass
Oh My Lord This is a need - ed
time Oh My Lord This is a need - ed
time Oh My Lord This is a need - ed
time In that morn - ing when I rise cry - ing Ho - ly

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

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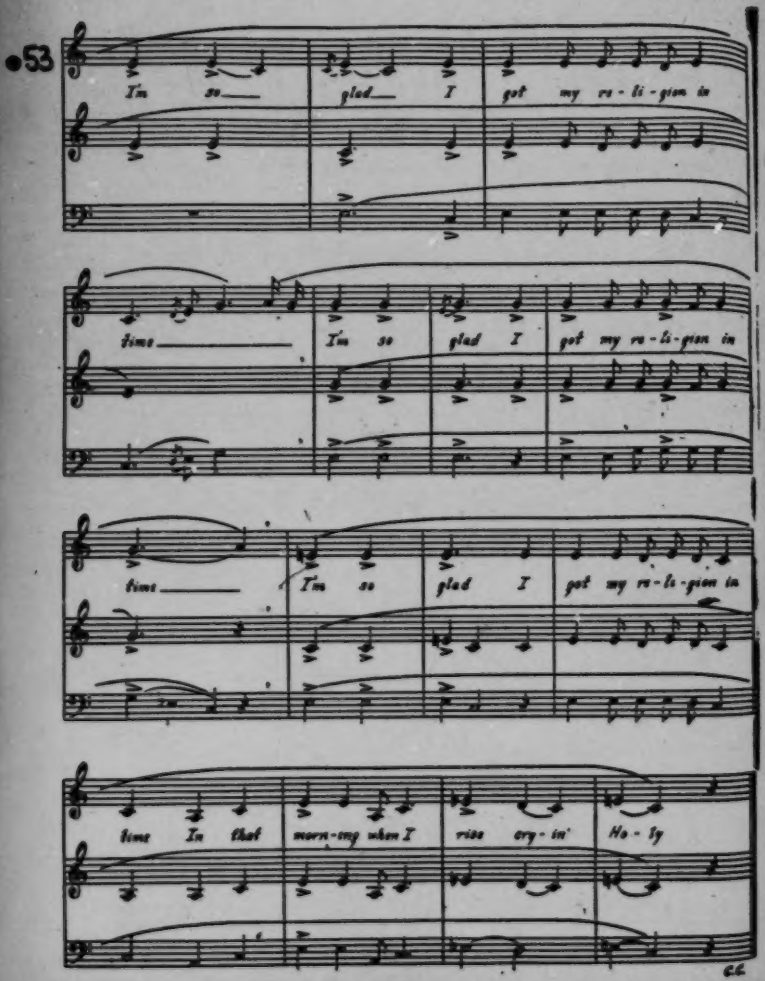
St. Simon's Island

53
I'm so glad I got my re-li-gion in
time I'm so glad I got my re-li-gion in
time I'm so glad I got my re-li-gion in
time In that morn-ing when I rise cry-in' Ho-ly

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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533
539

Lord called Jonah t' Nineveh Lan'
To preach the gospel in de terrible d'man'
Jonah risen an' 'e went on down de Joppa two years started over
yonda to Tarsha two years to wait 'pon God's comman'
Got on the ship went down to de lowermos' deck
The cap'n of de ship started to sail
Got in de midst o' de middle o' de deep
The cap'n of de ship got de trouble in min'
Search the ship from bow t' stern
The' foun' ole Jonah fast asleep
Wake up . . .

The last two lines, which ended with "tell you now," I could not get. These were followed by the chorus. Further vicissitudes of Jonah were related in two more long verses.

AN' HE NEVER SAID A MUMBLIN' WORD

123
796
346
352

Last Easter I attended service, by special request, at a makeshift Baptist "tabernacle" far from the highway, in the pine wilderness of Camden County. There was a roof over a part of the one-story shack, but it lacked sides except behind the pulpit. The benches were planks on blocks of wood, and pine slabs were put on the swampy ground to keep our feet dry. In his sermon the minister pointedly stressed the fact that spiritual comfort was infinitely to be preferred over that of the flesh. His earnestness and conviction in describing Christ's appearance before Pilate, and the fortitude with which He bore His sufferings, made the scene too vivid for Phyllis, who became excited, jumped from her seat, and shrieked: "He didn't do nothin'! No He didn't! He was an innocent man! Yes He was!" She was in truth a modern witness for my Lord.

796
782

● 53

See how they done my Lord
done my Lord
done my Lord
See how they done my Lord
An' He never said a mumblin' word.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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•53

See how they done my Lord
An' He never said a mumblin' word
Not a word
Not a word
Not a word.
They judged Him all night long
all night long
all night long
They judged Him all night long
An' He never said a mumblin' word.
They judged Him all night long
An' He never said a mumblin' word
Not a word
Not a word
Not a word.

The following is a description of what was done to Him: "They led Him from hall to hall. . . . They whipped Him all night long. . . . They nailed Him to the cross." The scene is brought closer with: "Don't y'u hear how the hammer ring?" and the song ends with a verse made out of the phrase: "Wasn't that an awful shame!"

MAY BE THE LAS' TIME I DON'T KNOW

This dirge-like tune is one of the favorites at communion service:

Chorus: I don't know I don't know I don't know
May be the las' time I don't know.

May be the las' time we eat together
May be the las' time I don't know
May be the las' time we drink together
May be the las' time I don't know.

(repeat chorus)

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May be the las' time we shout together
May be the las' time I don't know
May be the las' time we pray together
May be the las' time I don't know.

(repeat chorus)

Eatin' of the bread an' drinkin' of the wine
May be the las' time I don't know
It may be the las' time we moan together
May be the las' time I don't know
I don't know I don't know may be the las' time I don't know
It may be the las' time I don't know.

ONE-A THESE DAYS

533 539 This was a favorite song for the close of prayer meeting:

One-a these days
My Sister, one-a these days
My Sister, one-a these days
When the Lord call me home.

Chorus: Soon shall be done with the crosses
Soon shall be done with the trouble of the worl'
Soon shall be done with the crosses
When the Lord call me home.

Sister Julia, one-a these days
My Sister, one-a these days
My Sister, one-a these days
When the Lord call me home.

Other "sisters" and "brothers" present are named in lengthening the song.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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St. Simon's Island

RIDE ON CONQUERING KING

53
763
787
795
53

As mentioned elsewhere, this is a good example of the question-and-answer type of song and was used at a "settin'-up" in accordance with the custom of sending messages by the dying to relations and friends in the other world.[18]

If you see my mother
Oh yes.
Won't you tell her for me
Oh yes.
I'm a ridin' my horse in the battle-field
I want a see my Jesus in the mornin'.

Chorus: Ride on King
Ride on King
Ride on Conquering King
I want a see my Jesus in the mornin'.

[18] All of them are named in lengthening the song.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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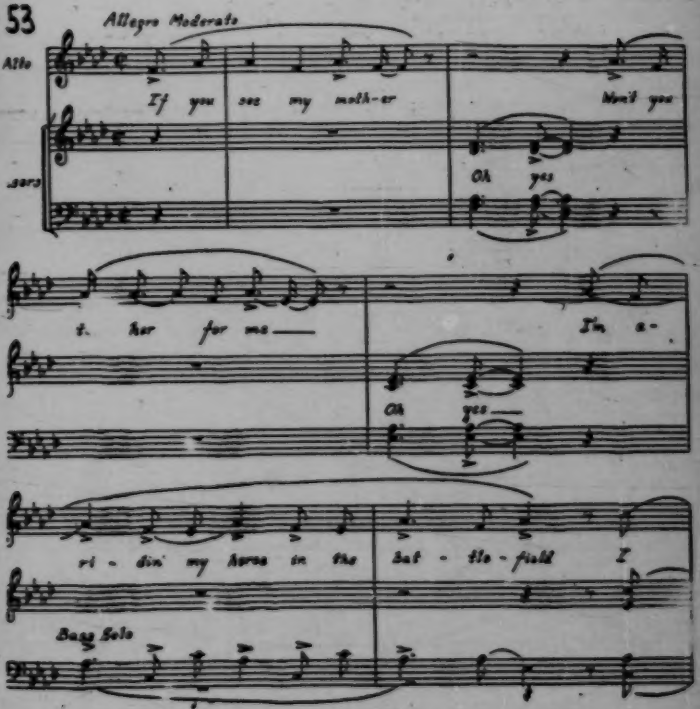
43 RIDE ON CONQUERING KING

[p. 183]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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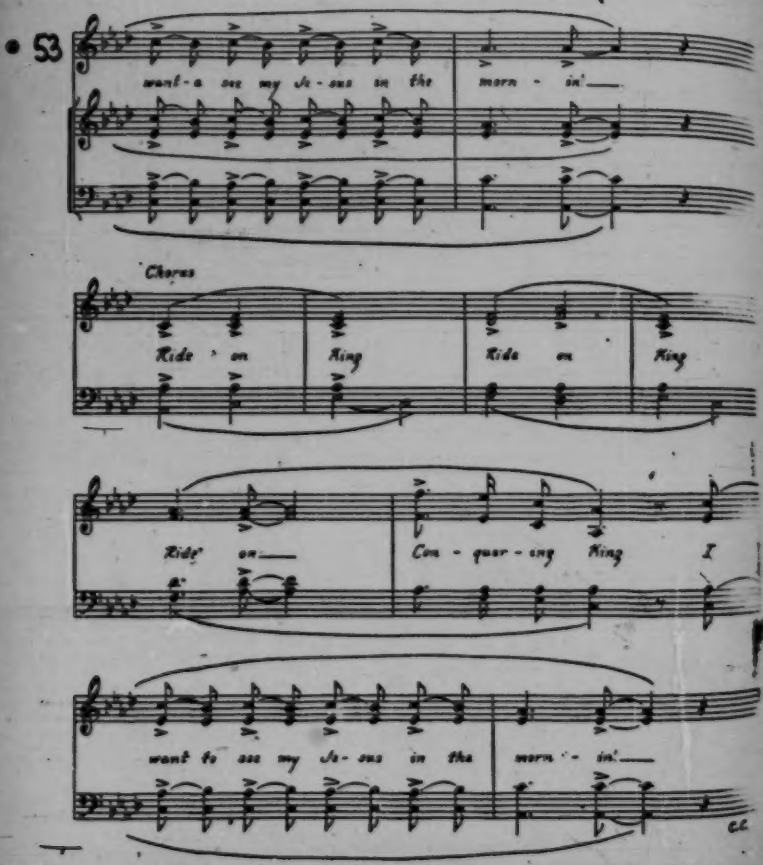
53
want-a see my Je-sus in the morn-in'
Chorus
Ride on King Ride on King
Ride on
Con-quer-ing King I
want to see my Je-sus in the morn-in'

[p. 184]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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•53

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

Pay me, Oh pay me
Pay me my money down
Pay me or go to jail
Pay me my money down.
Oh pay me, Oh pay me
Pay me my money down
Pay me or go to jail
Pay me my money down.

Think I heard my captain say
Pay me my money down
T'morrow is my sailin' day
Pay me my money down.

(chorus)

Wish't I was Mr. Coffin's son
Pay me my money down
Stay in the house an' drink good rum
Pay me my money down.

(chorus)

You owe me, pay me
Pay me my money down
Pay me or go to jail
Pay me my money down.

(chorus)

Wish't I was Mr. Foster's [10] son
Pay me my money down
I'd set on the bank an' see the work done
Pay me my money down.

[10] Mr. Foster was the "Big Boss" at the Hilton-Dodge Mills on the west side of St. Simon's, and the ex-stevedores tell me they always sang this verse when they saw him coming.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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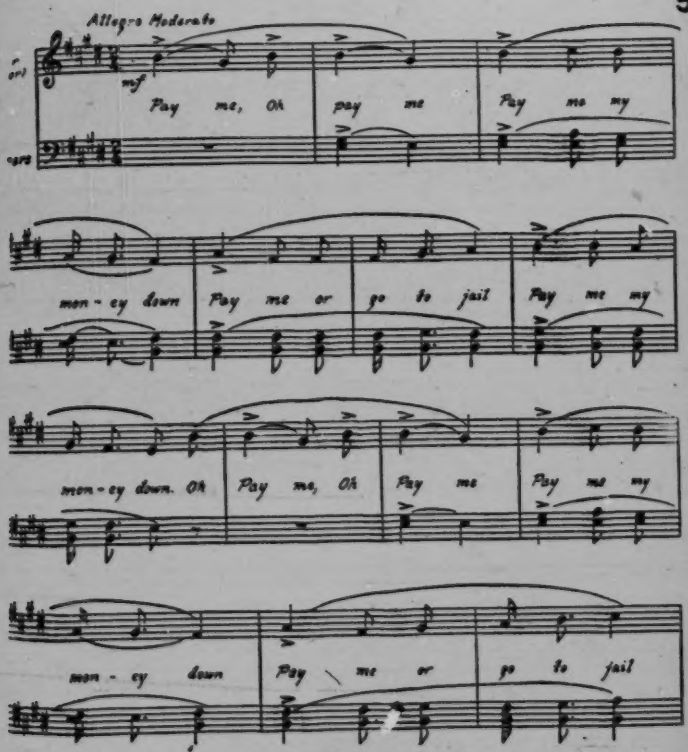
50. PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

53.

Allegro Moderato
mf
Pay me, Oh pay me Pay me my
mon-ey down Pay me or go to jail Pay me my
mon-ey down. Oh Pay me, Oh Pay me Pay me my
mon-ey down Pay me or go to jail

[p.209]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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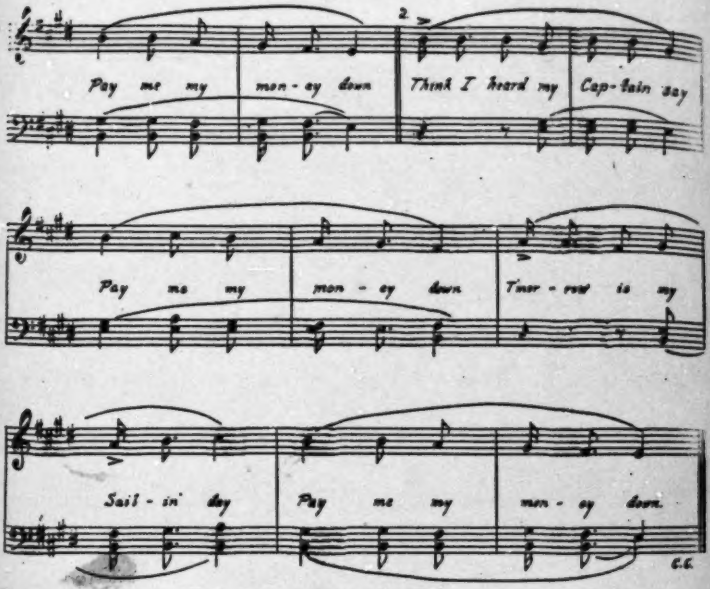
53

533
539

DEBT I OWE

Debt I owe, Lord, debt I owe
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe
Debt I owe, Lord, debt I owe
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe
Debt I owe in Brunswick sto'e [11]
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe
O Mister Watchman don't watch me
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe
Watch that nig'ah right behine that tree
I ain' gonna pay no debt I owe.

[11] To sustain interest the shanty leader always introduced an element of surprise into his lines. To this day we feel cheated when Floyd fails to include "Jewtown Sto'e" and "St. Simon's Sto'e" when he sings about the debts he "ain' gonna pay," but then, that may be part of the game.

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SHILO BROWN

●53

Shilo Ah wonduh what's tuh mattuh?
Shilo, Shilo Brown.
Shilo Ah wonduh what's tuh mattuh?
O Shilo, Shilo Brown.
Stivedore's in trouble
Shilo, Shilo Brown.
Stivedore's in trouble
O Shilo, Shilo Brown.
Take yo' time an' drive 'um
Shilo, Shilo Brown.
Take yo' time an' drive 'um
O Shilo, Shilo Brown.
Shilo gone to ruin
Shilo, Shilo Brown.
Shilo gone to ruin I know
O Shilo, Shilo Brown.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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Georgia
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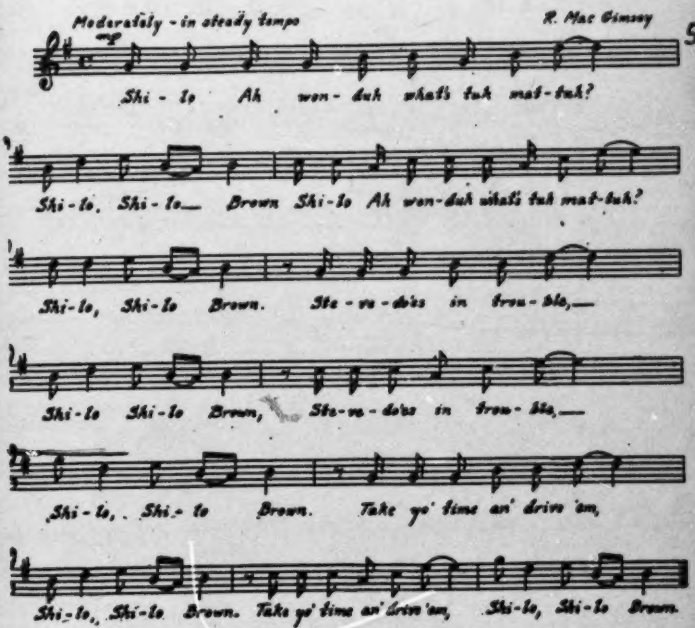
55. SHILO BROWN


Moderately - in steady tempo
mf
R. Mac Gimsey
53
Shi - lo Ah won - duh whall tuh mat - tuh?
Shi - lo, Shi - lo Brown Shi - lo Ah won - duh whall tuh mat - tuh?
Shi - lo, Shi - lo Brown. Ste - ve - do'es in trou - ble,
Shi - lo Shi - lo Brown, Ste - ve - do'es in trou - ble,
Shi - lo, Shi - lo Brown. Take yo' time an' drive 'em,
Shi - lo, Shi - lo Brown. Take yo' time an' drive 'em, Shi - lo, Shi - lo Brown.

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9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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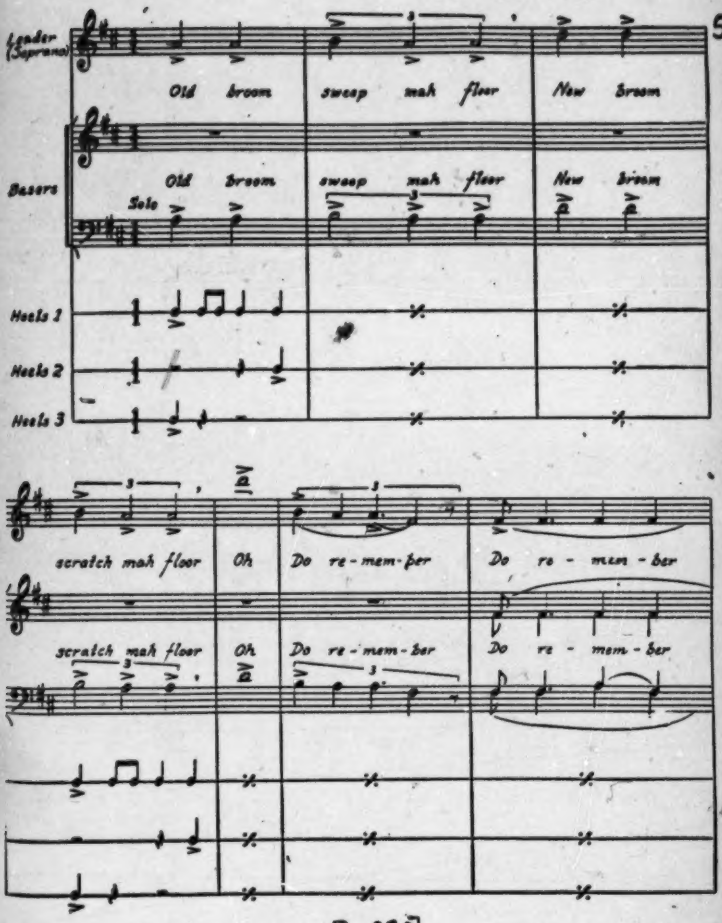
Leader (Soprano)
Old broom sweep mah floor New broom
Basses
Old broom sweep mah floor New broom
Solo
Heels 1
Heels 2
Heels 3
53
scratch mah floor Oh Do re-mem-ber Do re - mem - ber
scratch mah floor Oh Do re-mem-ber Do re - mem - ber

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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St. Simon's Island

DO REMEMBER

•53 The rhythm of this song, like that of "Peas an' the Rice," is all-important. The words themselves mean little except that their syllables lend themselves to the flat-footed hopping steps which are utilized to scuff off the outer husks of the rice on the floor. When this tune is used for shouting, there is an interminable number of lines given over to "Do remember me," with emphasis on "do" in the first line, and on "me" in the second. When ready to sing the chorus again—after repeating "Do remember me" eighteen or twenty times—the performers give a stamp on the next to the last "me"—with a perceptible pause.

Chorus: Old broom sweep my floor
New broom scratch my floor
O—do remember
Do remember me.
(repeat)
Do remember
Do remember
Do remember
Do remember
Do remember
Do remember
Do remember
Do remember
Do remember
Do remember
Don'cha 'member
Do remember
Don'cha 'member
Do remember
Do remember
Do remember me.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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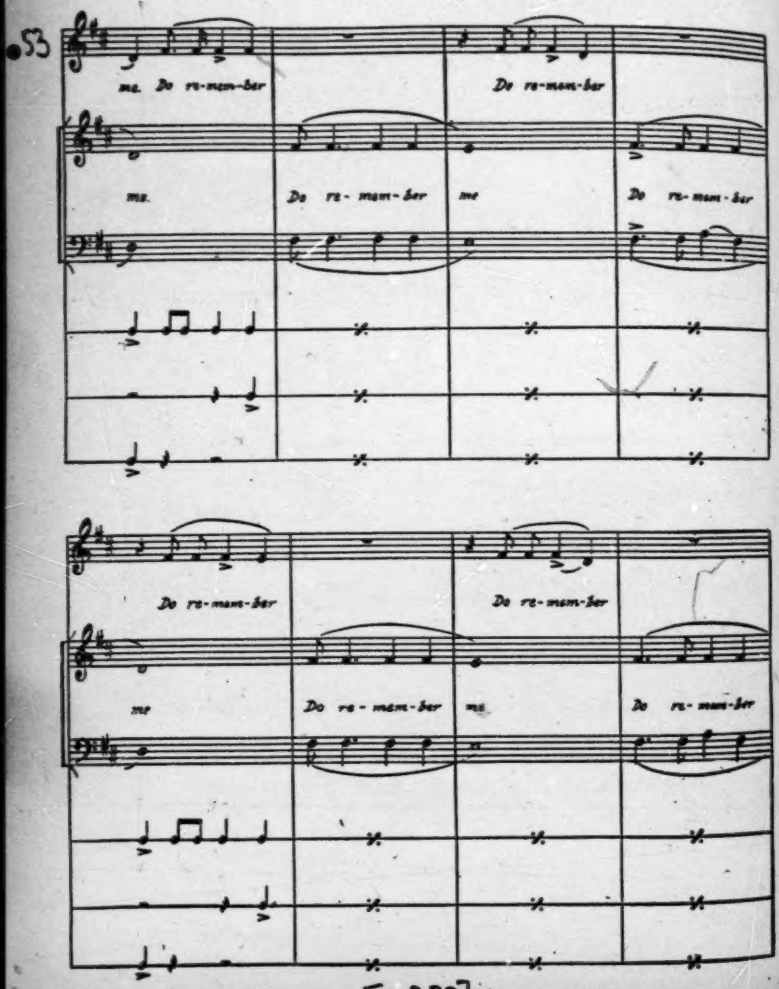
9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

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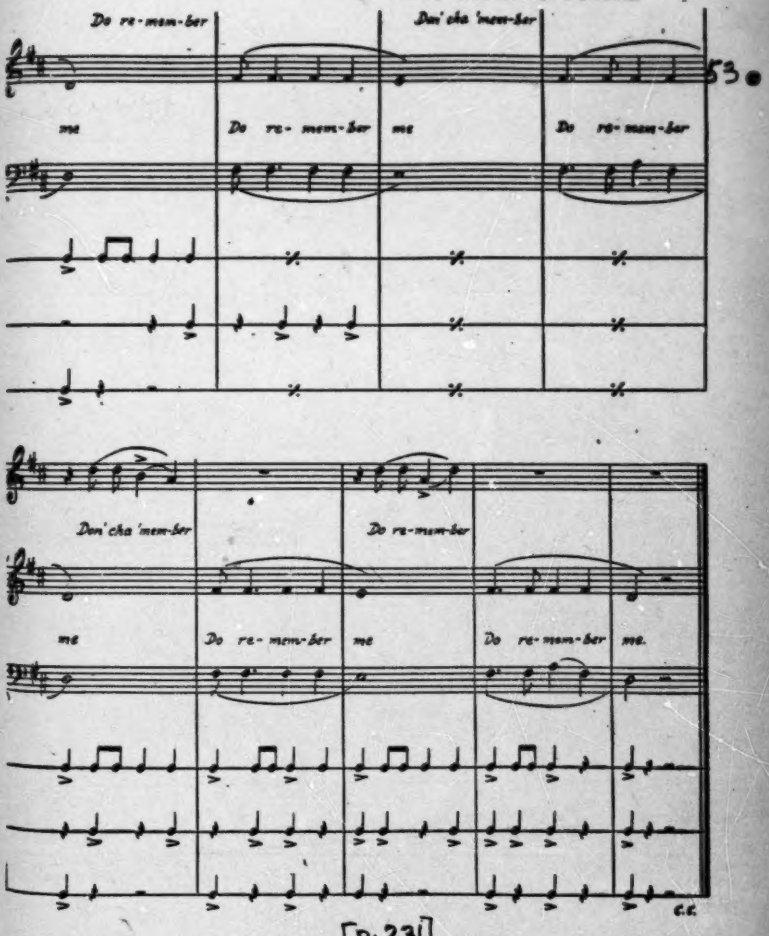
9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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OH WHEN I COME TO DIE

•53 [601] [461]

When Willis was a child and went to Lonesome Point for fish and oysters with his father, Adam Proctor, this is the song they often used to make the rowing easier. It is recognized, of course, that the rhythm had to be readjusted to the stroke of the oar. Josephine Young says the song was also used "down on our knees, for watch night 'n prayin'." Needless to say, she would have left off the final g in "dying."

Chorus: O when
(O when)
O when
(O when)
O when I come to die
Give me Jesus.

When I am dying
When I am dying
When I am dying my Lord
Give me Jesus.

(repeat chorus)

When the doctor give me over
When the doctor give me over
When the doctor give me over my Lord
Give me Jesus.

(repeat chorus)

When my friends forsake me
When my friends forsake me
When my friends forsake me my Lord
Give me Jesus.

(repeat chorus)

When trouble is over
When trouble is over
When trouble is over my Lord
Give me Jesus.

(repeat chorus)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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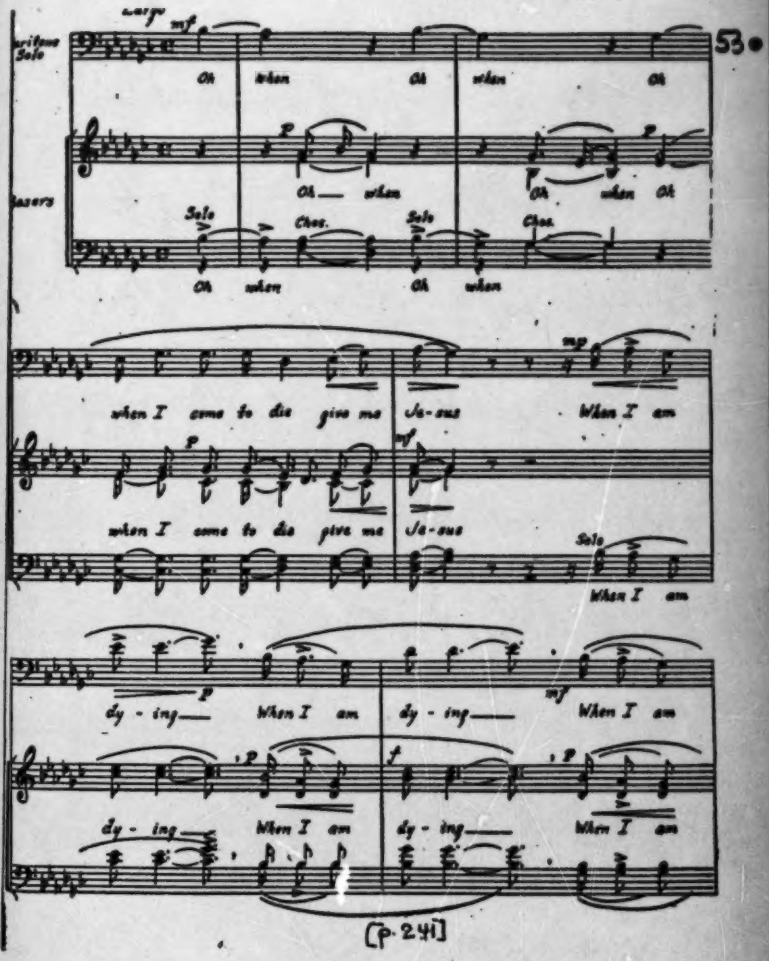
St. Simon's Island

53
Oh when Oh when Oh
Oh when Oh when Oh
Solo Chor. Solo Chor.
Oh when Oh when
when I come to die give me Je-sus When I am
when I come to die give me Je-sus
Solo
When I am
dy - ing When I am dy - ing When I am
dy - ing When I am dy - ing When I am

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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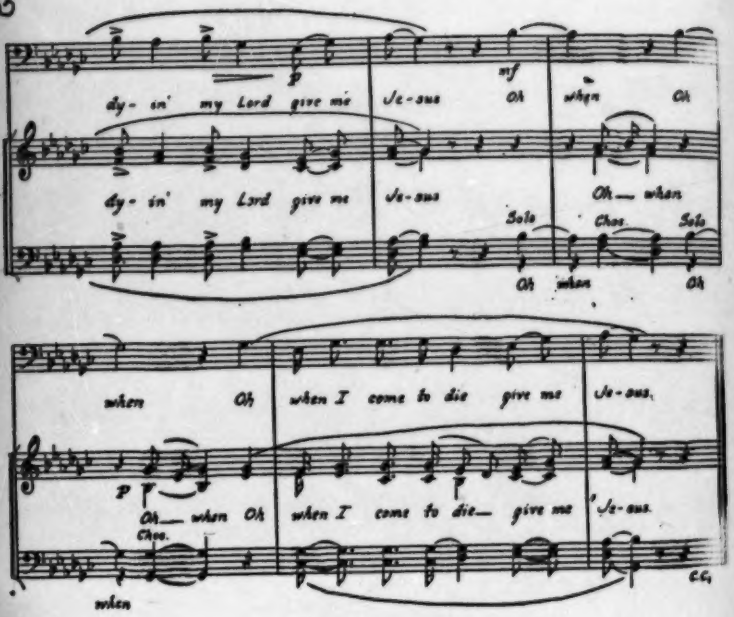
dy- in' my Lord give me Je-sus Oh when Oh
dy- in' my Lord give me Je-sus Oh when
Solo Chor. Solo
Oh when Oh
when Oh when I come to die give me Je-sus.
Oh when Oh when I come to die give me Je-sus.
Chor.
when
cl.

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9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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53

Chorus: When I'm gon-ne—gon-ne—gon-ne
When I'm gone to come no mo'
Church I know y'u're goin' to miss me
When I'm gone.

Y'u're goin' to miss me—for my walk
Y'u're goin' to miss me—for my talk
Church I know y'u're goin' to miss me
When I'm gone.

Y'u're goin' to miss me—for my prayer
Y'u're goin' to miss me—for my song
Church I know y'u're goin' to miss me
When I'm gone.

Y'u may see me goin' along so
I have my trouble here below
Church I know y'u're goin' to miss me
When I'm gone.

Done been up—done been tried
Dat ain't all—got more beside
Church I know y'u're goin' to miss me
When I'm gone.

B for the Bible—it's a good old book
Fin' God's word wherever you look
Church I know y'u're goin' to miss me
When I'm gone.

Batimas he born blin'
Couldn' keep the Lord God out of his min'
Church I know y'u're goin' to miss me
When I'm gone.